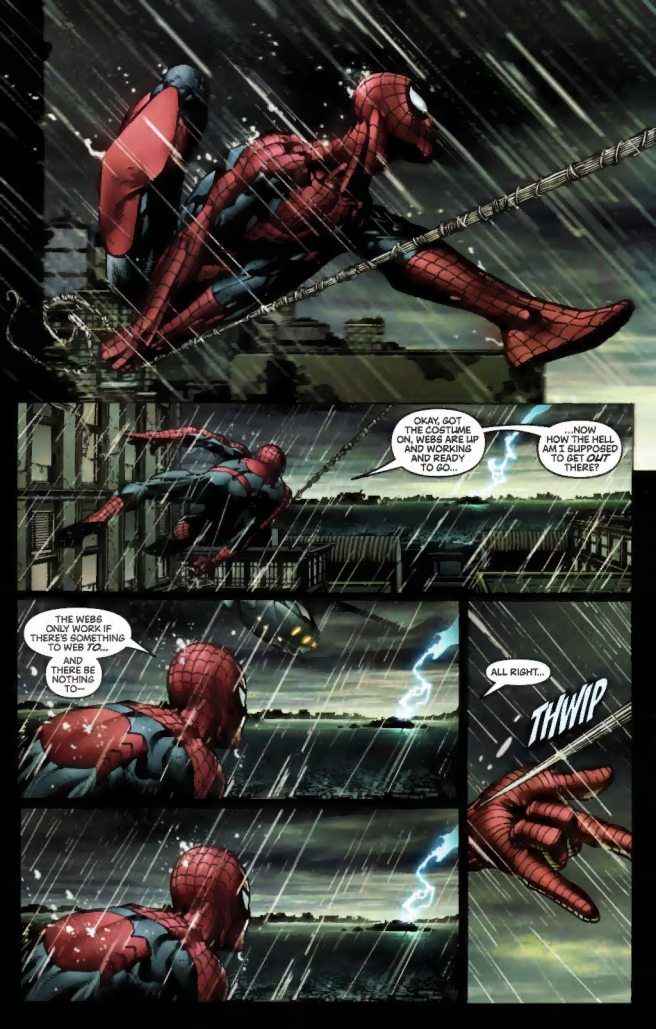
OKAY, GOT THE COSTUME ON, WEBS ARE UP AND WORKING AND READY TO GO...
...NOW HOW THE HELL AM I SUPPOSED TO GET *OUT* THERE?
THE WEBS ONLY WORK IF THERE'S SOMETHING TO WEB *TO*...
AND THERE BE NOTHING TO—
ALL RIGHT...
THWIP

HAAAAAZZAHOOZY!!!
DON'T FLY TOO CLOSE, SOLDIER. JUST SWING IN LOW AND I'LL HOP OUT.
BUT SIR...
KRAKOOM
YIKES!!
CAPTAIN!!
SHABABOOM
AAGGH!
NOT YOUR FAULT, SOLDIER!!
LET'S GO!!

FRABOOM
GLAH!
AND HERE'S ME, SWIMMING *TOWARDS* THE DISASTER.
ACTUALLY, I ONLY C-C-CAN *IMAGINE* THAT'S WHAT I'M DOING.
B-B-B-BECAUSE I LOST THE FEELING IN MY F-F-FEET AS SOON AS I HIT THE ICE COLD WATER OF THE ICE C-C-COLD ATLANTIC OCEAN.
AND ASSUMING, OF COURSE, I *SURVIVE* WHATEVER GOOFBALL COSMIC FIESTA I'M DIVING HEADFIRST INTO HERE...
...*NOW* I DON'T HAVE A *RIDE HOME.*
OH MAN...
MY SPIDER-SENSE IS BUZZING SO LOUD I CAN BARELY HEAR MYSELF TALK TO MYSE--

WHOOF! CAPTAIN AMERICA!
YOU DIDN'T HAPPEN TO BRING A SPARE COSTUME? MINE IS SOAKING.
WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE?
I GIVE UP. WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE?
WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR SMARTASS. THIS IS--
HEY! I JUST GOT HERE.
STAY BEHIND ME.
WHAT IS THIS PLACE?